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T H E

HERMIT of WARKWORTH.

A

NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]

o

THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

A NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

IN THREE FITS OR CANTOS.



LONDON,
Printed for T. DAVIES, and S. LEACROFT Successor to C. MARSH.

M D C C L X X I.

fall 9, 1977, p. 9

TO HER GRACE
ELIZABETH,
DUCHESS AND
COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
IN HER OWN RIGHT
BARONESS PERCY.

&c. &c. &c.

DOWN in a northern vale wild flowrets grew,
And lent new sweetness to the summer gale;
The Muse there found them all remote from view,
Obscur'd with weeds, and scattered o'er the dale.

O Lady, may so slight a gift prevail,
And at your gracious hands acceptance find?
Say, may an ancient legendary tale
Amuse, delight, or move the polish'd mind?

Surely the cares and woes of human kind,
Tho' simply told, will gain each gentle ear:
But all for you the Muse her lay design'd,
And bade your noble Ancestors appear;

She seeks no other praise, if you commend
Her great protectress, patroness, and friend.

MDCCLXX,

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

WARKWORTH CASTLE in Northumberland stands very boldly on a neck of land near the sea-shore, almost surrounded by the river COQUER, (called by our old Latin Historians, COQUEDA) which runs with a clear rapid stream, but when swoln with rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a HERMITAGE; of which the Chapel is still intire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for an Ante-chapel and Vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses: for the former of these, which runs parallel with the Chapel, is thought to have had an Altar in it, at which Mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the Chapel itself.

Each of these apartments is extremely small; for that which was the principal Chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than seven feet and a half in breadth and height: it is however very beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock; and has all the decorations of a compleat Gothic Church or Cathedral in miniature.

But what principally distinguishes the Chapel, is, a small Tomb or Monument, on the south-side the altar: on the top of which, lies a Female Figure extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary; though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish Churches; who is usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed the real image of the Blessed Virgin probably stood in a small nich, still visible behind the altar: whereas the figure of a Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's feet, the usual place for the Crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About

About the tomb are several other Figures, which as well as the principal one above-mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little Chapel itself, with all its Ornaments, and the two adjoining Apartments. What slight traditions are scattered through the country concerning the origin and foundation of this Hermitage, Tomb, &c. are delivered to the Reader in the following rhimes.

It is universally agreed, that the Founder was one of the BERTRAM family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently Lords of Bothal Castle, situate about ten miles from Warkworth. He has been thought to be the same BERTRAM, that endowed BRINKBURN Priory, and built BRENKSHAUGH Chapel: which both stand in the same winding valley, higher up the river.

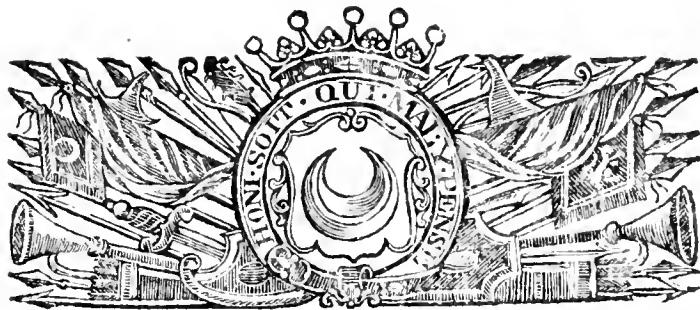
But BRINKBURN Priory was founded in the reign of K. Henry I.* whereas the form of the Gothic Windows in this Chapel, especially of those near the altar, is found rather to resemble the style of architecture that prevailed about the reign of K. Edward III. And indeed that the sculpture in this Chapel cannot be much older, appears from the Crest which is placed at the Lady's feet on the tomb; for Camden † informs us, that armorial Crests did not become hereditary till about the reign of K. Edward II.

These appearances still extant, strongly confirm the account given in the following poem, and plainly prove that the HERMIT of WARKWORTH was not the same person that founded BRINKBURN Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the BERTRAM family, who lived at a later period.

* Tanner's Mon. Ang.

† See his Remains.

*** FIT was the word used by the old Minstrels to signify
a PART or DIVISION of their Historical Songs, and was pecu-
liarly appropriated to this kind of compositions. See Reliques of
Ancient Eng. Poetry, Vol. II. p. 166 and 397. 2d Ed.



HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

A

NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

FIT THE FIRST.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar ;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay;
When, lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in fore dismay.

B

With

T H E H E R M I T

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire ;
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend fire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedew'd the mossy ground.

O weep not, lady, weep not so ;
Nor let vain fears alarm ;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.

It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear ;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here :

And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah ! sore I fear his wandering feet
Have flipt in yonder flood.

O !

O ! trust in heaven, the Hermit said,
And to my cell repair ;
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high ;
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds
With careful steps and slow :
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick answering from below :

O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanc'd to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree :

But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray :
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatch'd her hence away.

THE HERMIT.

Praise heaven, my son, the Hermit said;
The lady's safe and well :
And soon he join'd the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends
They lov'd each other dear :
The youth he press'd her to his heart ;
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah ! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair :
The youth was tall with manly bloom,
She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
With bugle-horn so bright :
She in a silken robe and scarf
Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

Sit down, my children, says the Sage ;
Sweet rest your limbs require :
Then heaps fresh fewel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

Partake,

Partake, he said, my simple store,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds;
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare;
The youthful couple say:
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talk'd their cares away.

Now say, my children, (for perchance
My councel may avail)
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale?

First tell me, father, said the youth,
(Nor blame mine eager tongue)
What town is near? What lands are these?
And to what lord belong?

Alas! my son, the Hermit said,
Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banish'd far away?

THE HERMIT

Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant HOTSPUR (so the North
Our youthful lord did call)

Against Fourth HENRY BOLINGBROKE
Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir ;
And, oh ! to save him from his foes
It was his grandsire's care.

In Scotland safe he plac'd the child
Beyond the reach of strife,
Nor long before the brave old Earl
At Bramham lost his life.

And now the PERCY name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas ! beneath a cloud ;
Their honors reft and lost.

No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms ;
The bordering Scots dispoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay ;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

Nor far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair WARKWORTH lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas ! now lie forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspred,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime far off, mid Scottish hills
The PERCY lives unknown :
On stranger's bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O might

O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss! —
He said, and dropt a tear.

And is the P E R C Y still so lov'd
Of all his friends and thee?
Then, father, blefs me, said the youth,
For I thy guest am H E.

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside
To wipe the tears he shed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd bleslings on his head:

Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,
Thy country's hope and care:
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wonderous fair?

Now, father, listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth:
And let thy sage advice direct
My unexperienc'd youth.

In Scotland I've been nobly bred
 Beneath the Regent's hand, *
 In feats of arms, and every lore
 To fit me for command.

With fond impatience long I burn'd
 My native land to see :
 At length I won my guardian friend,
 To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down in hunter's garb
 I wandered as in chace,
 Till in the noble NEVILLE's house †
 I gain'd a hunter's place.

Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,
 Till I'd the hap so rare,
 To please this young and gentle dame,
 That baron's daughter fair.

D

Now,

* ROBERT STUART, duke of Albany. See the continuator of FOR-DUN's Scoti-Chronicon, cap. 18, cap. 23, &c.

† RALPH NEVILLE, first Earl of Westmoreland, whose principal residence was at RABY castle, in the bishoprick of Durham.

Now, PERCY, said the blushing maid,
The truth I must reveal;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

It happened on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze
I wandered forth to take the air
Among the green-wood trees.

Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seiz'd me for their prey.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
But heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

With nothing but his hunting spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caus'd them soon to stand.

He fought, till more assistance came ;
 The Scots were overthrown ;
 Thus freed me, captive, from their bands
 To make me more his own.

O happy day ! the youth replied :
 Blest were the wounds I bare !
 From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,
 And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,
 She vowed to be my bride ;
 But oh ! we fear'd, (alas, the while !)
 Her princely mother's pride :

Sister of haughty BOLINGBROKE *
 Our house's ancient foe,
 To me I thought a banish'd wight
 Could ne'er such favour show.

Despairing then to gain consent ;
 At length to fly with me
 I won this lovely timorous maid ;
 To Scotland bound are we.

This

* JOAN, countess of Westmoreland, mother of the young lady, was daughter of JOHN of GAUNT, and half-sister of king HENRY IV.

This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursu'd,
We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
And gain'd this lonely wood :

Then lighting from our weary steeds
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach'd this friendly bower.

Now rest ye both, the Hermit said ;
Awhile your cares foregoe :
Nor, Lady, scorn my humble bed ;
— We'll pass the night below. *

* Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bedchamber over it, and is now in ruins : whereas the little Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very entire and perfect.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

T H E
H E R M I T o f W A R K W O R T H.

A

NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

F I T T H E S E C O N D.

L O V E L Y smil'd the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled :
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair ELEANOR left her bed.

She found her HENRY all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight ;
The youth consulting with his friend
Had watch'd the livelong night.

What sweet surprize o'erpower'd her breast ?
Her cheek what blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride ?

E

Within

Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet:
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss compleat.

O HENRY, when thou deign'st to sue,
Can I thy suit withstand?
When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand?

For thee I left a father's smiles,
And mother's tender care;
And whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share.

And wilt thou then, O generous maid,
Such matchless favour show,
To share with me a banish'd wight
My peril, pain, or woe?

Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast;
For, know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle
Surrounded by the sea;
There dwells a holy friar, well-known
To all thy friends and thee: *

'Tis father Bernard, so revered
For every worthy deed;
To Raby castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend host is gone;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile:
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then

* In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tintern-Abbey.

Then strait to RAEY's distant walls
He kindly wends his way ;
Mean-time in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
The Hermitage they view'd,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And over-hung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely Steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing thro' a stony Arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little Garden stands ;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
Three sacred Vaults he shows :
The chief a Chapel, neatly arch'd,
On branching columns rose.

Each

Each proper ornament was there,
 That should a chapel grace ;
 The Latice for confession fram'd,
 And Holy-water Vase.

O'er either doore a sacred Text
 Invites to godly fear ;
 And in a little Scucheon hung
 The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the Altar's ample breadth
 Two easy steps ascend ;
 And near a glimmering solemn light
 Two well-wrought Windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a Tomb
 All in the living stone ;
 On which a young and beauteous Maid
 In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling Angel fairly carv'd
 Lean'd hovering o'er her breast ;
 A weeping Warrior at her feet ;
 And near to these her Crest. *

F

The

* This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the WIDDINGTON family. All the Figures, &c. here described are still visible ; only somewhat effaced with length of time.

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
 Attract the wondering pair :
 Eager they ask, What hapless dame
 Lies sculptured here so fair ?

The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,
 For sorrow scarce could speak :
 At length he wip'd the trickling tears
 That all bedewed his cheek :

Alas ! my children, human life
 Is but a vale of woe ;
 And very mournful is the tale,
 Which ye so fain would know.

THE HERMIT's TALE.

Young lord, thy grandf're had a friend
 In days of youthful fame ;
 Yon distant hills were his domains,
 Sir BERTRAM was his name.

Where'er the noble PERCY fought
 His friend was at his side ;
 And many a skirmish with the Scots
 Their early valour try'd.

Young

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be ;
The dew-drop, on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

Fair WIDDINGTON the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling place ; *
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight
To this fair damsel came ;
But Bertram was her only choice ;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord PERCY pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents ;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she with studied fond delays
Defers the blissful hour ;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power,

That

* WIDDINGTON castle, is about five miles south of Warkworth.

That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,
 Which is too lightly won;
 And long shall rue that easy maid,
 Who yields her love too soon.

Lord PERCY made a solemn feast
 In Alnwick's princely hall;
 And there came lords, and there came knights,
 His chiefs and barons all.

With wassel, mirth, and revelry
 The castle rung around:
 Lord PERCY call'd for song and harp,
 And pipes of martial sound.

The Minstrels of thy noble house,
 All clad in robes of blue,
 With silver crescents on their arms,
 Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race
 They fung: their high command:
 " How valiant MAINFRED o'er the seas
 " First led his northern band. *

" Brave

* See Dugdale's baronage, &c.

“ Brave GALFRID next to Normandy

“ With venturous Rollo came;

“ And from his Norman castles won

“ Assum'd the PERCY name.*

“ They fung, how in the Conqueror's fleet

“ Lord WILLIAM ship'd his powers,

“ And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride

“ With all her lands and towers. †

“ Then journeying to the Holy Land,

“ There bravely fought and dy'd:

“ But first the silver Crescent wan,

“ Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

G

“ They

* In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of PERCY: whence the family took the surname DE PERCY.

† WILLIAM DE PERCY, (fifth in Descent from GALFRID, or GEFREY DE PERCY, son of MAINRED,) assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire, of EMMA DE PORTE, (so the Norman writers name her,) whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, WILLIAM from a principle of honour and generosity, married: for having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, “ he (to use the words of the old Whitby Chronicle) wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his “ conscience.” See Harl. MSS. 692. (26.)— He died in Asia, in the first Crusade.

“ They sung how AGNES, beauteous heir,

“ The queen’s own brother wed

“ Lord JOSCELINE, sprung from Charlemagne,

“ In princely Brabant bred. *

“ How he the PERCY name reviv’d,

“ And how his noble line

“ Still foremost in their country’s cause

“ With godlike ardour shine.”

With loud acclaims the listening crowd

Applaud the masters’ song,

And deeds of arms and war became

The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,

Their perils past recall :

When, lo ! a damsel young and fair

Step’d forward thro’ the hall.

She

* AGNES DE PERCY, sole heiress of her house, married JOSCELINE DE LOVAIN, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, duke of Brabant, and ~~brother~~ of Queen Adeliza, second wife of king Henry I. He took the name of PERCY, and was ancestor of the earls of Northumberland. His son lord RICHARD DE PERCY was one of the twenty-five barons, chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

She Bertram courteously addres'd ;
And kneeling on her knee ;
Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee.

Then forth she drew a glittering helme
Well-plated many a fold,
The casque was wrought of tempered steel,
The crest of burnish'd gold.

Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are try'd.

Young Bertram took the shining helme
And thrice he kis'd the same :
Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame.

Lord PERCY, and his barons bold
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late opprest,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The

THE HERMIT

The knights assembled on the hills
A thousand horse and more :
Brave Widdrington, tho' funk in years,
The PERCY - standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round :
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes ;
So did the DOUGLAS rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait :
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest ;
Lord PERCY mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address'd.

Now,

Now, Bertram, prove thy Lady's helme,
Attack yon forward band;
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand.

Young Bertram bow'd, with glad assent,
And spur'd his eager steed,
And calling on his Lady's name,
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends;
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces thro';
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he flew.

Now closing fast on every side
They hem sir Bertram round:
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well-nigh won the field;
When ponderous fell a Scotish ax,
And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And rent his helm in twain;
That beauteous helm, his Lady's gift!
—— His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord PERCY saw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight;
And now, my noble friends, he said,
Let's save this gallant knight.

Then rushing in, with stretch'd out shield
He o'er the warrior hung;
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire:
What three could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire?

Now

Now gathering round on every part
The battle rag'd amain ;
And many a lady wept her lord
That hour untimely slain.

P E R C Y and D O U G L A S, great in arms,
There all their courage shew'd ;
And all the field was strew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wonderous valour shwon,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale extended on their shields
And weltering in his gore
Lord P E R C Y's knights their bleeding friend
To W A R K 's fair castle bore.

Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love ;
Her father kindly fed ;
And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed.

A message

A message went, no daughter came,
Fair ISABEL ne'er appears:
Beshrew me, said the aged chief,
Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see
So soon as thou canst ride;
And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
And she shall be thy bride.

Sir Bertram, at her name reviv'd,
He blefs'd the soothing sound;
Fond hope supplied the Nurse's care,
And heal'd his ghastly wound.

*** WARK castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river TWEED, a little to the east of TIVIOTDALE, and not far from Kelso. It is now intirely destroyed.

T H E E N D O F T H E S E C O N D P A R T.

T H E

T H E
H E R M I T o f W A R K W O R T H.

A

NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

FIT THE THIRD.

ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower ;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

I

Most

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,
That wont to shine so bright;
And long and loud sir Bertram call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged Nurse arose
With voice so shrill and clear:
What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here?

'Tis Bertram calls, thy Lady's love,
Come from his bed of care:
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss
To see thy Lady fair.

Now out alas! (she loudly shriek'd)
Alas! how may this be?
For six long days are gone and past
Since she set out to thee.

Sad terror seiz'd sir Bertram's heart,
And oft he deeply sigh'd;
When now the draw-bridge was let down,
And gates set open wide.

Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
Since she set out to thee;
And sure if no sad harm had hap'd
Long since thou wouldest her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance
She tore her hair, and cried,
Alas! I've slain the comeliest knight,
All thro' my folly and pride!

And now to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
And soothe his bed of pain.

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn at break of day;
And two tall yeomen went with her
To guard her on the way.

Sad terror smote sir Bertram's heart,
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind:
Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest
'Till I thy Lady find.

That

That night he spent in sorrow and care;
And with sad boding heart
Or ever the dawning of the day
His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range;
Do thou go north, and I'll go west;
And all our dres we'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath seized my love,
And borne her to his den;
And ne'er will I tread English ground
Till she is restored agen.

The brothers strait their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range;
And hide themselves in queint disguise,
And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram clad in gown of gray,
Most like a Palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes

Sometimes a Minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill ;
And wends to every tower and town ;
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he sate under a thorn
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged Pilgrim pass'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care.

All Minstrels yet that ever I saw,
Are full of game and glee :
But thou art sad and woe-begone !
I marvel whence it be !

Father, I serve an aged Lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind ;
His only child is stol'n away,
And fain I would her find.

Cheer up, my son ; perchance, (he said)
Some tidings I may bear :
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills so steep and high,
Down in a lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from th' abode of men.

As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Me-thought I heard a Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

And when I ask'd, what harm had hap'd,
What Lady sick there lay?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.

These tidings caught sir Bertram's ear,
He thank'd him for his tale;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir

Sir Porter, is thy lord at home
To hear a Minstrel's song?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong?

My Lord, he said, is not at home
To hear a Minstrel's song:
And should I lend thee lodging here
My life would not be long.

He play'd again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish Porter's ear,
And moved his stubborn heart.

Minstrel, he say'd, thou play'st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou should'st win;
But, alas, I'm sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

Yet, Minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou'l find a sheltering cave;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have.

All

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear :
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watch'd,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew ;
He saw his Lady thro' the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night wearied out he slept
'Till near the morning tide ;
When starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
And to the castle hy'd.

When, lo ! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall ;
And o'er the mote was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend
Wrapt in a tartan plaid ;
Assisted by a sturdy youth
In highland garb y-clad.

Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still ;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly.
But what can scape the lover's ken ?
Or shun his piercing eye ?

With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, she often said ;
My thanks thou well hast won :
For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd ?
For me what dangers run ?

L

And

And ever shall my grateful heart
Thy services repay : —
Sir Bertram could no further hear,
But cried, Vile traitor, stay !

Vile traitor ! yield that Lady up ! —
And quick his sword he drew.
The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow :
But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,
And laid the stranger low.

Die, traitor, die ! — A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word.
Ah ! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rush'd beneath his sword.

O stop, she cried, O stop thy arm !
Thou dost thy brother slay ! —
And here the Hermit paus'd, and wept:
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest?
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stab'd her breast.

Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?
Ah! cruel fate! they said.
The Hermit wept, and so did they:
They sigh'd; he hung his head.

O blind and jealous rage, he cried,
What evils from thee flow?
The Hermit paus'd; they silent mourn'd:
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,
And clos'd the ghastly wound;
In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,
And rais'd it from the ground.

My

My brother, alas! spake never more,
His precious life was flown.
She kindly strove to sooth my pain,
Regardless of her own.

Bertram, she said, be comforted,
And live to think on me:
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be!

Bertram, she said, I still was true;
Thou only hadst my heart:
May we hereafter meet in bliss!
We now, alas! must part.

For thee, I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief,
When, lo! near Chiviot's fatal hills
I met a Scottish chief,

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love,
I had refus'd with scorn;
He flew my guards and seiz'd on me
Upon that fatal morn:

And

And in these dreary hated walls
 He kept me close confin'd ;
And fondly sued, and warmly press'd
 To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increas'd my pain,
 Each night increas'd my fear ;
When wandering in this northern garb
 Thy brother found me here.

He quickly form'd this brave design
 To set me captive free ;
And on the moor his horses wait
 Ty'd to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love, escape away,
 And for thyself provide ;
And sometime fondly think on her,
 Who should have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my foul
 Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
 And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe
Devoid of sense I lay :
Then sudden all in frantic mood
I meant myself to slay :

And rising up in furious haste
I seiz'd the bloody brand * :
A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,
Had mis'd their lovely ward ;
And seizing me to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en :
Lord PERCY had us soon exchang'd,
And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honoured dear remains,
To England were convey'd ;
And there within their silent tombs,
With holy rites were laid.

For

* i. e. Sword.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
And oft to end it fought;
Till time, and thought, and holy men
Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source,
Whence heavenly comfort flows:
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care;
I meekly vowed to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir BERTRAM now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild;
But poor and humble BENEDICT,
Now lowly, patient, mild:

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise;
And here a lonely Anchoret
I came to end my days.

This

THE HERMIT

This sweet sequestered vale I chose,
These rocks, and hanging grove;
For oft beside this murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble Friend approv'd my choice;
This blest retreat he gave:
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've lingered here;
And daily o'er this sculptured saint
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue!

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
Forsaken, or forgot,
The PERCY and his noble Son
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft

Oft the great Earl from toils of state,
 And cumbrous pomp of power,
 Would gladly seek my little cell
 To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe,
 I liv'd to mourn his fall :
 I liv'd to mourn his godlike Son, *
 Their friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
 Lov'd youth, shalt now restore ;
 And raise again the Percy name
 More glorious than before.

He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
 His choicest blessings laid :
 While they with thanks and pitying tears
 His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take
 They ask the good old fire ;
 And guided by his sage advice
 To Scotland they retire.

N

Mean-

* Hotspur.

Mean-time their suit such favour found
 At RABY's stately hall,
 Earl Neville and his princely Spouse
 Now gladly pardon all.

She suppliant at her * Nephew's throne
 The royal grace implor'd :
 To all the honours of his race
 The PERCY was restor'd.

The youthful Earl still more and more
 Admir'd his beauteous dame:
 NINE noble SONS to him she bore,
 All worthy of their name.

* King Henry V. A. D. 1414.

T H E E N D O F T H E B A L L A D.

*** The account given in the foregoing ballad of young PERCY, the son of HOTSPUR, receives the following confirmation from the old Chronicle of Whitby.

" HENRY PERCY, the son of Sir HENRY PERCY, that was
 " slayne

“ slayne at Shrewesbery, and of ELIZABETH, the daughter of
 “ the Erle of Marche, after the death of his Father and Graunt-
 “ syre, was exiled into Scotland * in the time of king Henry
 “ the Fourth: but in the time of king Henry the Fifth, by the
 “ labour of JOHANNE the countes of Westmerland, (whose
 “ Daughter ALIANOR he HAD WEDDED IN COMING INTO
 “ ENGLAND,) he recovered the King’s grace, and the countye
 “ of Northumberland, so was the SECOND ERLE of Northum-
 “ berland.

“ And of this Alianor his wife, he begate IX Sonnes, and
 “ III Daughters, whose names be JOHANNE, that is buried at
 “ Whytbye: THOMAS, lord Egremont: KATHERYNE GRAY of
 “ Rythyn: Sir RAFFE PERCY: WILLIAM PERCY, a Byshopp:
 “ RICHARD PERCY: JOHN, that dyed WITHOUT ISSUE: [another
 “ JOHN, called by Vincent † ‘ Johannes Percy senior de Wark-
 “ worth’:] GEORGE PERCY, Clerk: HENRY that dyed WITHOUT
 “ ISSUE: ANNE ——” [besides the eldest son and successor
 here omitted, because he comes in below, viz.]

“ HENRY PERCY, the THIRD Erle of NORTHUMBERLAND.”

Vid. Harl. MSS. No. 692. (26.) in the British Museum.

* i. e. remained an Exile in Scotland during the Reign of king Henry IV.
In Scotia exulavit tempore Henrici Regis quarti. Lat. MS. penes Duc. North.

† See his Great Baronag. No. 20. in the Heralds office.



P O S T S C R I P T.

IT will perhaps gratify the curious Reader to be informed, that from a word or two formerly legible over one of the Chapel Doors, it is believed that the Text there inscribed was that Latin verse of the Psalmist *, which is in our Translation,

MY TEARS HAVE BEEN MY MEAT DAY AND NIGHT.

It is also certain, that the memory of the first Hermit was held in such regard and veneration by the PERCY Family; that they afterwards maintained a Chantry Priest, to reside in the Hermitage, and celebrate Mass in the Chapel: whose allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the Dissolution of the Monasteries; and then the whole Salary, together with the Hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the Family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no Record, which fixes the date of the Foundation, or gives any particular account of the first Hermit; but the following Instrument will show the liberal Exhibition afforded to his Successors. It is the Patent granted to the last Hermit in 1532, and is copied from an ancient MS. book of Grants, &c. of the VIth Earl of Northumberland, in Henry the VIIIth time †.

SIR GEORGE LANCASTRE PATENT OF XX MERKS BY YERE.

“ HENRY Erle of Northumbreland, &c. KNOWE youe that I
“ the faide Erle, in consideration of the diligent and thankfull
“ service, that my welbeloved Chaplen sir GEORGE LANCASTRE
O “ hath

* Psal. xlvi. 3.

† Clasped, F. I. No. 1. penes Duc. Northumb.

" hath don nnto me the said Erle, and also for the goode and
 " vertus disposition that I do perceyve in him: And for that he
 " shall have in his daily recommendation and praiers the good
 " estate of all suche noble Blode and other Personages, as be now
 " levynge; And the Soules of such noble Blode as be departed
 " to the mercy of God owte of this present lyve, Whos Names
 " are conteyned and wrettyn in a Table upon perchment signed
 " with thande of me the said Erle, and delivered to the custodie
 " and keapyng of the said sir George Lancaster: And further,
 " that he shall kepe and saye his devyn service in celebratyng
 " and doynge Massle of *Regine* every weke accordinge as it ys writ-
 " ten and set furth in the saide Table: HAVE geven and graunted,
 " and by these presentes do gyve and graunte unto the said sir
 " George, myn ARMYTAGE belded in a Rock of stone within
 " my Parke of WARKWORTH in the Countie of Northumbre-
 " land in the honour of the blessed Trynete, With a yerly
 " Stipende of twenty Merks by yer *, from the feest of saint Michell
 " tharchaungell last past affore the date herof yerly duryng the
 " naturall lyve of the said sir George: AND also I the said Erle
 " have geven and graunted, and by these Presents do gyve and
 " graunte unto the said sir George Lancaster, the occupation of
 " one little Gresground of myn called Cony-garth nygh ad-
 " joynynge the said Harmytaghe, only to his owne use and proufit
 " wynter and somer durynge the said terme; THE Garden and
 " Orteyarde belongyng the said Armytage; THE Gate † and
 " Pasture of Twelf Kye and a Bull, with their Calves fuking;
 " AND two Horses goying and beyng within my said Parke of
 " Warkworth wynter and somer; ONE Draught of Fisshe every
 " Sondaie in the yere to be drawen fornenſt ‡ the said Armytage,
 " called The Trynete Draught; AND Twenty Lods of Fyrewode
 " to be taken of my Wodds called Shilbotell Wode, duryng the
 " faid

* This would be equal to £. 100, *per annum* now. See the Chronicon Pre-
teritum. † i. e. Going: from the Verb, To Gae. ‡ Or fore-anenſt: i. e. opposite.

" said term. THE said Stipend of xx Merks by yer to be taken
 " and perceyved * yerly of the rent and ferme of my Fiffhyng of
 " Warkworth, by thands of the Fermour or Fermours of the same
 " for the tyme beyng yerly at the times ther used and ac-
 " customed by evyn Portions. IN wytnes
 " wherof to thes my Lettres Patentes I Allowe in recompense
 " the said Erle have set the Seale of myn herof yerly xli †.
 " Armes: YEVEN undre my Signet at my Richerd Ryche.
 " Castell of Warkworth, the third daie of December, in the
 " xxiiird Yer of the Reigne of our Sovereyn Lorde kyng Henry
 " the eight."

On the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the above Patent was produced before the Court of Augmentation in Michaelmas-Term, 20 Oct. A. 29. Hen. viii. when the same was allowed by the Chancellor and Counsel of the said Court, and all the profits confirmed to the incumbent Sir George Lancaster; Excepting that in compensation for the annual Stipend of Twenty Marks, he was to receive a Stipend of Ten Marks, and to have a free Chapel called The Rood Chapel, and the Hospital of St. Leonard, within the Barony of Wigdon, in the County of Cumberland.

After the perusal of the above PATENT it will perhaps be needless to caution the Reader against a Mistake, some have fallen into; of confounding this Hermitage NEAR Warkworth, with a Chantry founded WITHIN the town itself, by Nicholas de Farnham bishop of Durham, in the reign of Henry III. who appropriated the Church of Brankeston for the maintenance there of two Benedictine Monks from Durham ||. That small monastic foundation is indeed called a CELL by bishop Tanner †: but he must be very ignorant

* Sic MS. † So the MS. The above Sir Richard Rych was Chancellor of the Augmentations at the Suppression of the Monasteries.

|| Ang. Sacr. p. 738.

† Mon. Ang. p. 396.

ignorant indeed, who supposes that by the word **CELL** is necessarily to be understood a Hermitage ; whereas it was commonly applied to any small conventional establishment which was dependant on another.

As for the Chapel belonging to this endowment of bishop Farnham, it is mentioned as in ruins in several old Surveys of Queen Elizabeth's time ; and its scite, not far from Warkworth Church, is still remembered. But that there was never more than ONE Priest maintained, at one and the same time, within the **HERMITAGE**, is plainly proved (if any further proof is wanting) by the following Extract from a Survey of Warkworth, made in the Year 1567, || viz.

“ Ther is in the Parke (sc. of Warkworth) also one Howse
“ hewyn within one Cragge, which is called the **HARMITAGE**
“ **CHAPEL**: In the same ther haith bene ONE **PREAST** keaped,
“ which did such godlye Services as that tyme was used and cele-
“ brated. The Mantion Howse [sc. the small building adjoining
“ to the Cragg] ys nowe in decaye : the Closes that apperteined
“ to the said Chantrie is occupied to his Lordship's use.”

|| By Geo. Clarkson. penes Duc. North.

